Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
Tis well Mistris, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well: nay how absolute shee's in it,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyse, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides*

King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musicke this last night:
I do protest, my eares were neuer better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.

King. Sir, you are Musicks master.

Per. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord)

King. Let me aske you one thing.
What do you thinke of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most vertuous Princesse.

King. And shee's faire too, is she not?

Per. As a faire day in Summer: wondrous faire.

King. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Master,
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.

Per. I am vnworthy to be her schoole-master.

King. She thinkes not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's heere, a letter, that she loues the Knight of *Tyre*?
Tis the Kings subtilty to haue my life:
Oh seeke not to intrap me, gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That neuer aimde so hie, to loue your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

King. Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.

Per. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought